

### May Baskets.

Open the window, Margie,  
And draw the screen away;  
My life is a dull December,  
But my heart's as young as May.

Listen! The laugh of children!  
'Tis a foolish thought, I know,  
But it minds me of one May morning  
Seventy years ago.

When a merry troop of children  
Wakened the quiet street  
With bubble and talk and laughter,  
And swinging, like censurers sweet.

The dear old-time May-baskets,  
Ribboned, and pink and white  
With the blessed bloom that gladdened  
The gloom of the Pilgrims' night.

And I know by the robin's carol,  
And the tender green I see  
In the tops of the dear old willows,  
That the May will come to me.

Margie, the scent of May-flowers!  
I surely, surely know  
That one sweet breath! Could the south  
wind  
Bring it so far? They grow  
A mile away on the hillside.  
But there's a knock at the door;  
Oh for an hour of quiet,  
To live my May-days o'er!

What's this? "From Karl and Carrie."  
Oh, let my chair be rolled  
Just there—into the sunshine—  
And give me them to hold!

I knew their breath, dear Margie;  
Forgive these foolish tears,  
But God has sent these May-flowers  
Across the seventy years!

—Mary A. Lathbury.

### A Man Without Enthusiasms.

I think that neither of us could have analyzed or satisfactorily explained our mutual attraction, but it is certain that my old classmate Manson and I were fast friends—rather a poor specimen fellow, but had begun, long before our college course came to an end, to show that apparent lack of interest in life that distinguishes what we call a *blase* man; and his at the same time, and once amusing and exasperating.

Not long ago a party of us, in the pleasant smoking-room of a Pacific steamer, were talking about one of our fellow-passengers—a poor specimen of this class—then of the class itself; and the oldest member of the little group, who had been lighting his cigar very deliberately with the little wire which one dips in spirits of wine, resumed his seat with the remark, delivered with great emphasis:

"Well, gentlemen, it's a dreadful thing for a young man to have no enthusiasm." The expression brought Manson to my mind. I do not know why I had not thought of him before, but reminiscences now crowded in rapidly upon me and I sat for some moments looking out at the blue waves of the Pacific, and reflecting on the nice points of the discussion. Finally it seemed opportune to me to narrate to the party some of the circumstances under which my friend and I had been thrown together.

He was, as our old schoolmaster once said, "fortunate in his choice of a father," and I feared that the tendency which I have mentioned would be developed by a life of virtuous dissipation. My father had parted, and I only knew of his doings through his letters, and those of mutual acquaintances, there was every reason to believe that my forebodings were correct. My father, who had returned to Europe, a region which he described as "slow," and then nominally entered on a business life. His abilities were excellent, and his perceptions quick, but after he had been a few years in a firm, a friend wrote me that when he met him in the street, and asked him where his office was, he received the reply: "I don't know. They've moved since I've been there."

I was traveling some years later from India to Europe. We had a fine steamer from Calcutta, and some most agreeable people on board. The ordinary sunset reminded me of some of the officers who had served in the mutiny were getting their furlough, and fine fellows they were. My room-mate, a stout, jolly-looking man with red sides, whiskers, was in the vicinity of the kitchen, and was suffering from a wasting disease, but he was a good shot and they could not spare him; and he used to tell me how, when they had loaded his rifle, they would prop him up on his mattress, and when they sight a seepoy and then sink back again. All these men had been through terrible experiences, but they were delighted at going home, and were generally in the highest spirits. I remember that one of them would not "turn in" at all the night that we ran up the Gulf of Suez, and they were eager to get ashore in the morning. We went up to the hotel built around the harbor, and found a French woman singing "Il Bacio" in the shrillest of voices to the accompaniment of sundry instruments played by compatriots in *fez* caps. Even the squalid bazaar seemed preferable to this, and we were turning to go thither, when I saw, leaning against a pillar, my old friend Manson; and but that he had a "puggery" on his hat, he looked for all the world just as he had looked many times at a performance of "Trovatore" or "Favorita" in the old days at Boston when the supernumeraries were all of our class. I was delighted to meet him, presented him at once to my party, and insisted on a country walk to Cairo, which he assented with the remark that he could not be more bored there than he had been at Suez. My companions appreciated his fine qualities, and, as they grew better acquainted, were disposed to "chaff" him a little about his eccentricities. Some time before we reached our destination he had been telling us his experiences on arrival in Egypt. He had intended to go to Bombay, but had changed his mind at Suez the day before we arrived.

"Fellows talked to me about grand Cairo," said he, "called it an epitome of the Arabian Nights, 'Port of the Orient,' and all that sort of thing, and began to think that I might amuse myself for a day there. Our steamer was late; we were sent through by express, remaining ten minutes in the Cairo station; and all that I saw of the 'Port of the Orient,' looking with sleepy eyes through the window of the railway carriage, was an Englishman in a tweed suit and a sun-hat, standing before a re-

freshment bar and calling out: 'Two sixpences for a bottle of soda water? Gracious!'

Soon after that he went to sleep, and just as we rolled into the station I remember that one of the party awakened him by shouting in his ear: 'Passengers for Sodom and Gomorrah will change cars!'

We had hardly time to see the megate of Mehemet Ali and buy some attar of roses when we were hurried off to Alexandria, so that our only sight of the Pyramids was from the train. None of us were "griffins," but those majestic structures command interest at all times, and then we had borrowed that wonderful book, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," from the captain of the steamer, and read it carefully, so that we were as eager as schoolboys. I shall never forget the scene which ensued when we were craning our necks to get the first sight, and two or three of us cried out: "There they are!" Manson had been leaning back in his seat with an expression of intense interest on his countenance. He raised himself slightly with his hands, took one look, and sank back in his old place with the remark: "One more sensation gone!"

The summer of 186— was an unusually hot one in China. Residents of Shanghai passed their time in an artificial temperate produced by "punkies" hung over desks, dining-tables and beds—indeed, in every practical situation. The despot, implacable sun rose each morning as if invigorated for a new career of persecution, and mocked at bamboo shades, blinds and even tiled roofs. Crews of vessels coming up the river were driven from aloft, and strong men, like the Shanamite boy in Scripture, cried "My head, my head!" In the latter part of September came the first relief—cool nights; then, at last, refreshing days. I was dressing one morning, with a serene satisfaction in the thought that I might put on a flannel instead of a linen coat, when my "boy" announced, "One piece gentleman, hab got down side; watchee see you." Stretched out on an extension-chair on the veranda I found on descending, my friend Manson. Responding to my delighted and surprised greetings, he told me that he had suddenly made up his mind to visit the far East, and had started without reflecting that he would reach India, and South China at just the wrong time. He had been nearly dead with heat, narrowly escaped a sunstroke at Canton, and was caught in a typhoon between Manila and Hongkong. He had a perfectly loyal man, found him a good Canton servant and introduced him at the club. He was unanimously voted a success. To people as busy as we all were with the new season's tea, a perfectly loyal man was a refreshing spectacle; and his languid indifference and dry conversation were declared extremely "good form."

In a few weeks I made up my mind to take a two or three days' holiday and carry out a cherished plan of a boat-trip on the Yangtze, and Manson agreed to accompany me. We had a large "cheong-boat" of Chinese model and rig—a fair sailer and very comfortable; and our two Canton boys—Ah Wing and Ah How—and our cook were sure to give us good living. I was obliged, on account of the limited space, to select a captain, to engage a new one at short notice. I did not know much about him, and did not like his looks, but I never dreamed of any trouble with him or the crew. He was a tall, thin man, with a gun-rack in the cabin, and I had put in a couple of English rifles belonging to the volunteers and two Sharp's rifles from the Hong, thinking that we might "have a hunt" of Chinese model and rig. Manson, to my amusement, added to the armory an elephant rifle, carrying a heavy ball, which he had brought from Ceylon, and his own old Kentucky hunting rifle. He had a "booby" in his pocket, said, against all odds, I laughed at this battery (little thinking what I was to owe to it), and threw in a couple of revolvers to complete our assortment.

The steamer was engaged by the Wungpoo, or Shanghai river, that pleasant afternoon. To appreciate the cool breeze from the southwest one must have endured the sufferings of the summer months in the "booby" from some breezy upland "at home," than from the low-lying, damp paddies. As we left the settlement behind I felt like a boy having a first holiday, and even fancied that the ordinary sunset reminded me of some of the gorgeous ones I had seen in more favored latitudes. We passed Wungpoo and the dilapidated earth-works below, rounded Paoushan Hill, and ran on our way before we anchored for the night. In the morning we were under way in good season, and bore for the north shore. We had our coffee and toast, and were sitting aft, when Ah Wing, my favorite, came, as "cheong-boat," a boy as ever, wore a pigtail, came aft to speak to me.

"Master," said he, "jussow now mi see two piece junk come. Mi think he no good junk. Mi fear he long lalies-look (they are ladies of pirates). Mi asked that low-lah—the mouf no speak-ploos (his mouth does not answer me properly). He say junk b'long he (in his friend). Mi weily fear he no good man." I ran forward and looked at the two junks. We had changed our course and were running west, with the wind on our beam. They were coming toward us, but both considerably to the north, and one more so than the other. Their character was unmistakable, as was the expression on the low-lah's face. He spoke a few words of pidgin English, and he spoke my telling him to turn said with a grin; he "No watchee go back Shanghai."

There was not a moment to lose. I had not even time to explain matters to Manson. If anything can make one think and act quickly, it is the approach of Chinese pirates, I jumped down the hatch, and seized a large revolver, loaded and capped, concealed it under my coat, and told Ah Wing to come forward with me. As I passed Manson, who was coolly smoking, and asked no questions, I whispered to him: "Stand by the helm, and wait for the word, in case of need."

I told Ah Wing, in as mild a tone as I could command, to tell the low-lah that I had understood me, and that I wanted him to turn around. He was of his guard, and replied in a rapid Chinese sentence, and with a chuckle.

"He talkee no watchee," said Ah Wing.

The man was nothing to me at that moment but a mad dog. Why did I not blow his brains out I do not know. I had backed up to the rail and could put my hand on a sort of belaying pin. I think I even calculated the force of the blow that laid him out on the deck, before the villainous grin was off his face. There were five men in the crew. One was steering, two I pitched down the

hatch, which I secured. The others, though frightened, did not stir. Ah Wing, not a bad sailor himself, told me Manson put the helm hard down, and in a moment we had come about, the sails were drawing, and we were well to windward, and under full canvas. We were my revolver to Ah Wing, with directions as to what he was to do; and no "Caucasian" could have obeyed more promptly and intelligently. We dragged the low-lah aft, and pinioned his hands and feet in anticipation of his coming to himself. Manson had the helm, and I asked him to give it to one of the crew. Ah Wing was then told (and to this day I remember how curiously the pigeon English contrasted with the grim nature of the communication) to make it clear to the helmsman, that if the boat went one inch to leeward of her course, and to the two sailors that were to be kept under orders, from the positions in which they were placed—covered by the revolver—they were dead men.

"You sabbe due?" (You perfectly understand) I asked Ah Wing.

"I have what the plainmen happily call sand, or dogged grit, and I saw it in his eyes as he cocked the revolver and replied: 'Alla lightee (all right) said a cool voice, 'perhaps you will tell me what this is all about,' and Manson lighted a fresh cheroot. I explained to him that we had barely escaped the pirates, and that we could not expect to sail as fast as the pirates, and our only hope was in their being so far to leeward, and in range of our rifles. I was perfectly sure of my man, and was positively certain that my whole acquaintance whom I would so readily have met me as my old friend, the *blase*, indifferent, dilettante Manson. He shook me by the hand, and said in a cheery voice, wholly unlike his ordinary one: "All right, old fellow, we'll beat them."

A more impetuous though equally brave man would have been less efficient. Indeed, nothing could have been finer than his behavior. The rifles, six in number, were brought up and laid side by side on the top of the cabin. Ah How told me that he "sabbe loaded that gun, and to my great surprise, our cook (a "Buddha," we used to call him, as his countenance expressed the idea of eternal silence and rest) volunteered his services in this line as well. When we were settled down to the steady work of sailing, and our only hope was in their being so far to leeward, and in range of our rifles. I was perfectly sure of my man, and was positively certain that my whole acquaintance whom I would so readily have met me as my old friend, the *blase*, indifferent, dilettante Manson. He shook me by the hand, and said in a cheery voice, wholly unlike his ordinary one: "All right, old fellow, we'll beat them."

"I am afraid I can't do as well with the elephant rifle," said Manson, "but I can try. Let us both fire continually at its 'corse,' and we will get the best success. Ah How and the cook loaded rapidly and well, but the rifles were soon somewhat heated, and the breech-loaders missed fire several times. The junks were within range, and I could quickly fill the places of those whom we shot. They also arranged some kind of protection for the helmsman, although we pierced it more than once. I began to wonder if the target, and so filled with rage at our antagonists that I could only with difficulty control myself sufficiently to aim deliberately; but my friend never showed any signs of being in the least affected. As clock-work he took the gun from the Chinaman, and never fired a second before his aim was perfect. We rested a short time at last to take a survey of the situation, and could not disguise from ourselves that it was serious. The junks were nearer, and we were still quite a long way from Paoushan. There was nothing for it but to go to work again, and we did so. For ten minutes or more we kept up an incessant fire, and although we evidently did much damage, the distance between us and them had been perceptibly lessened. We were now within range of the report of jingals. It came in a moment more, and the clumsy ball fell but little short of us. Manson turned to me, still cheery and cool.

"I still there is a foreigner there," said he, "who is directing and inspiring them. He has escaped us thus far. If I can get a sight of him and can hit him, I believe we shall get rid of this junk. Since you picked off that last steersman of the hindmost one, he was well off. Well, that is not so bad." He continued, as a jingal ball struck the mast. He asked Ah How to let him load the Kentucky rifle himself, and measured out the powder, wrapped the ball in a scrap of buckskin and rammed it carefully home. Then he knelt down and watched his chance. All this time Ah Wing had kept his eyes and the revolver on the steersman, and our boat had been firing steadily. The jingals were getting uncomfortably frequent, and it was only a small satisfaction to me to have sent an Enfield bullet through the head of one gunner, just as he was getting up to his knees in a pile of powder. I saw the report of the report of Manson's rifle and the quiet remark from him: "Habet!"

I saw the junk fall off, saw manifest confusion on board, saw an opening for two or three good shots, and laid head a fresh gun, when I heard Ah How cry: "Master, hab got steamer, weily near."

Hardly one of us had glanced ahead for half an hour. As for the steersman and the crew, they had clearly by one thought, and that was—to save their heads. It was with a strange feeling of relief and satisfaction that I saw H. M. gunboat Petalant puffing along toward us. In five minutes she was alongside, and I saw my friend Lieutenant Graham's jolly face over her rail.

"What the deuce is the row, old fellow," he asked in a perplexed way. I explained as briefly as possible, and told him that I thought we had almost finished the job, but he was welcome to the rest of it. He could hardly wait for me to finish my story.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow. See you in Shanghai. Full speed ahead! Beat to quarters! Look sharp now, and clear away the bow—"

In less than five minutes we heard his report, and the shot crash into the junk's side. We had had fighting enough for that day and concluded to

push on for home. The junks had gone about, but we knew that they were doomed, and the roar of the broadside soon informed us that it would be quick work. Ah Wing never moved. He would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinaman until, dooming, had not told him that he might put it away.

Ah How and "Buddha" took the guns below, and made everything tidy, and we had hardly rounded Paoushan Point when Ah Wing came up and said: "That cook make enquire what thing you likee chow chow" (eat).

We had a jolly dinner the next night. Lieutenant Graham and a couple of his officers came just in time. They had handed the survivor of the junks' crews over to the Chinese authorities, in whose care our rascally low-lah also was. They had made short work of the fight, and had no casualties. When the cloth was removed, I tried to get Manson to make a speech, but the only thing I could get him to say was that he was never less tired in his life than during the skirmish.

I have not seen him for years. He drifts between the Old and the New World, and when I last wrote to him I quoted Hawthorne's expression about the Chinaman, "a legitimate son of France." This was rather more vague than satisfactory; and the occasion is a fit one to call to mind the perils of marrying a Frenchman. No Frenchman can marry with the consent of his parents, or, if they are dead, of his grandparents, if he is over twenty-five, and they refuse, he may send five, through a public notary, three respectively-written requests two weeks apart, and then the mayor can authorize him to proceed. If, however, he is a person of political prominence, this publicity of family differences is tacitly forbidden by custom, and the scandal of such publicity must be avoided by the abandonment of the proposed marriage. That is, the greater man the son is, the greater is the hold of his parents upon him.

In a memorial to Congress relative to the coming census of the United States, the superintendent of the census of 1860, Mr. Kennedy, gives the following statistics as an illustration of the stupendous results from a single hive of bees, transported to the Pacific coast less than thirty years ago. From the single county of San Diego, California, in 1876 there were shipped to the eastern States, valued at 1,250,000 pounds. In 1877 there were in that county 23,000 colonies of bees, and in one day, September 6, 1878, there were shipped from that port 78 barrels, 1,653 casks and kegs, valued at \$1,000,000, including July 17 to November 10, 1878, less than four months, that one county exported over 1,000 barrels, 15,454 cases and nearly 30 tons. He who would enter into the operation of bee raising, or of honey, could not have known so great has the interest in this product become, that many people in California have from 500 to 1,000 hives, and that over 100,000 people in the State have more than 100 colonies of bees. According to the London *Times* of January 18, there arrived in November at Liverpool 80 tons of honey, the product of the bees of California, and that Mr. Hodges, in the first week of January last, landed 100 tons at a London wharf, the product of California. The annual product of honey has grown to 35,000,000 pounds annually.

A new experiment in surgery has been tried in the New York Charity Hospital, where two ounces of human milk were injected into the veins of a female patient suffering from several abscesses. It is the conclusion of the operation the doctor in charge said: "The patient will suffer no harm from the operation, and possibly she may be benefited. However, I think that I have seen enough to convince me that the transfusion of milk should be abandoned as an unsuccessful operation. I think we will stick to blood hereafter." Another subject of the operation was a blood transfusion. She was in the last stage of consumption. The blood was furnished by a strong male attendant at the hospital, who had already been bled four times for puerperal fever. The operator defibrinated it by stirring it with a glass rod and straining it through a piece of linen. Ammonia was then mixed with the blood to prevent it from coagulating, and care was taken to maintain the temperature at the normal standard. Then a vein was opened in the patient, and the blood injected.

**A Bath in the Dead Sea.**  
A correspondent, after experiencing in the Dead Sea, describes his experience in the following words: The water, which is quite clear, and nearly the color of the Niagara river below the falls, seemed to me a little more bitter and salty than that of Salt Lake, although brighter and more attractive to the eye when a close at hand. Its supporting power struck me as a little greater, also, than that of Salt Lake, as the body floated more easily, and the difficulty of swimming was greater on account of the inability to keep one's feet under water. So large a quantity of salt is held in solution that the water has what is called, I believe, a "ropy" appearance, much like that of a plate of well-made tapioca soup. I observed, however, that when we came out of the water there was not so large a deposit of salt crystals on the body as after a bath in Salt Lake, and the feeling of the skin, instead of being dry and prickly as I expected, was rather oily and sticky. Our dinner that night was seasoned with salt made from Dead Sea water by solar evaporation. It was a little lighter in color than the ordinary brown sugar. Its crystals were large and hard, and, though foreign substances were evidently present in considerable quantity, it was not unpleasant to the taste. It was told that two quarts of water will produce one quart of salt, but this is probably an exaggeration. To complete the statistics of this remarkable body of water, I may add, what many of my readers may already know, that there is no living thing of any kind in it, and even the drift-wood brought down by the floods in the Jordan is speedily cast upon its shores; that its length is about forty-five and its greatest width about ten miles; that it is over 1,300 feet at its deepest point; and that the immense quantity of fresh water poured into it daily is undoubtedly taken up by evaporation, as its great depth below the basin of the Mediterranean must preclude the idea of a subterranean outlet.

The eminent counsel—"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you will—oh, I know you will restore my persecuted client to the arms of his wife and little ones, who—" The court—"Your client is a bachelor."

### TIMELY TOPICS.

Three years ago an Englishman named Hebron was convicted of murder, and narrowly escaped the scaffold. The man Place, who was hung recently, confessed that he committed the murder for which Hebron was undergoing punishment; and now the British government is taking steps to compensate Hebron for the wrong done to him by the law.

When the Union forces were captured at Plymouth, N. C., during the war, the colors of the Sixteenth Connecticut regiment were torn up and distributed among the officers and men to save them from the Confederates. Many who had these relics were taken to Southern prisons, but they kept their trusts carefully. It is now proposed to gather as many of these relics as possible, arrange them in suitable form and place them among the other colors at the State House.

The death of Mme. Bonaparte and the story of her marriage that it naturally revives brings to mind the French marriage laws. It will be remembered that the nearest she could come to getting her son legitimized was the official declaration of her husband, a legitimate son of France. This was rather more vague than satisfactory; and the occasion is a fit one to call to mind the perils of marrying a Frenchman. No Frenchman can marry with the consent of his parents, or, if they are dead, of his grandparents, if he is over twenty-five, and they refuse, he may send five, through a public notary, three respectively-written requests two weeks apart, and then the mayor can authorize him to proceed. If, however, he is a person of political prominence, this publicity of family differences is tacitly forbidden by custom, and the scandal of such publicity must be avoided by the abandonment of the proposed marriage. That is, the greater man the son is, the greater is the hold of his parents upon him.

In a memorial to Congress relative to the coming census of the United States, the superintendent of the census of 1860, Mr. Kennedy, gives the following statistics as an illustration of the stupendous results from a single hive of bees, transported to the Pacific coast less than thirty years ago. From the single county of San Diego, California, in 1876 there were shipped to the eastern States, valued at 1,250,000 pounds. In 1877 there were in that county 23,000 colonies of bees, and in one day, September 6, 1878, there were shipped from that port 78 barrels, 1,653 casks and kegs, valued at \$1,000,000, including July 17 to November 10, 1878, less than four months, that one county exported over 1,000 barrels, 15,454 cases and nearly 30 tons. He who would enter into the operation of bee raising, or of honey, could not have known so great has the interest in this product become, that many people in California have from 500 to 1,000 hives, and that over 100,000 people in the State have more than 100 colonies of bees. According to the London *Times* of January 18, there arrived in November at Liverpool 80 tons of honey, the product of the bees of California, and that Mr. Hodges, in the first week of January last, landed 100 tons at a London wharf, the product of California. The annual product of honey has grown to 35,000,000 pounds annually.

A new experiment in surgery has been tried in the New York Charity Hospital, where two ounces of human milk were injected into the veins of a female patient suffering from several abscesses. It is the conclusion of the operation the doctor in charge said: "The patient will suffer no harm from the operation, and possibly she may be benefited. However, I think that I have seen enough to convince me that the transfusion of milk should be abandoned as an unsuccessful operation. I think we will stick to blood hereafter." Another subject of the operation was a blood transfusion. She was in the last stage of consumption. The blood was furnished by a strong male attendant at the hospital, who had already been bled four times for puerperal fever. The operator defibrinated it by stirring it with a glass rod and straining it through a piece of linen. Ammonia was then mixed with the blood to prevent it from coagulating, and care was taken to maintain the temperature at the normal standard. Then a vein was opened in the patient, and the blood injected.

**A Bath in the Dead Sea.**  
A correspondent, after experiencing in the Dead Sea, describes his experience in the following words: The water, which is quite clear, and nearly the color of the Niagara river below the falls, seemed to me a little more bitter and salty than that of Salt Lake, although brighter and more attractive to the eye when a close at hand. Its supporting power struck me as a little greater, also, than that of Salt Lake, as the body floated more easily, and the difficulty of swimming was greater on account of the inability to keep one's feet under water. So large a quantity of salt is held in solution that the water has what is called, I believe, a "ropy" appearance, much like that of a plate of well-made tapioca soup. I observed, however, that when we came out of the water there was not so large a deposit of salt crystals on the body as after a bath in Salt Lake, and the feeling of the skin, instead of being dry and prickly as I expected, was rather oily and sticky. Our dinner that night was seasoned with salt made from Dead Sea water by solar evaporation. It was a little lighter in color than the ordinary brown sugar. Its crystals were large and hard, and, though foreign substances were evidently present in considerable quantity, it was not unpleasant to the taste. It was told that two quarts of water will produce one quart of salt, but this is probably an exaggeration. To complete the statistics of this remarkable body of water, I may add, what many of my readers may already know, that there is no living thing of any kind in it, and even the drift-wood brought down by the floods in the Jordan is speedily cast upon its shores; that its length is about forty-five and its greatest width about ten miles; that it is over 1,300 feet at its deepest point; and that the immense quantity of fresh water poured into it daily is undoubtedly taken up by evaporation, as its great depth below the basin of the Mediterranean must preclude the idea of a subterranean outlet.

The eminent counsel—"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you will—oh, I know you will restore my persecuted client to the arms of his wife and little ones, who—" The court—"Your client is a bachelor."

### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

**Strawberry Recipes.**  
**STRAWBERRY JELLY.**—Soak a box of gelatine in cold water, say one pint. When thoroughly softened, add five ounces of white sugar, two quarts of strawberry syrup, and put over the fire until the gelatine is perfectly dissolved. Pour from the kettle into molds or small jars, and you have a most beautiful and pleasantly flavored jelly. This recipe is meant for cool weather; if used in summer, reduce the quantity of syrup by one-half.

**STRAWBERRY SYRUP.**—Make a syrup in the proportion of three pounds of sugar to half a pint of water. Boil and skim until clear. Have ready the strained juice of field strawberries. Allow two and a half pints of strawberry juice to the half pint of water. After you add this, let it simmer for more than five minutes. Take it from the fire before it loses its fine color, and pour hot into self-sealing glass jars. This syrup preserves even the odor of the fresh strawberries when mixed with water, and flavors ice-cream delightfully. With the addition of a little bit of poke-berry jelly, the delusion is perfect; you fancy that you are enjoying fresh strawberries creamed with melting butter for the cream but what is supplied by the syrup.

**STRAWBERRY TAPIoca.**—This makes a most delightful dessert. Soak overnight a large tea-cupful of tapioca in cold water, then soak for half of it in a yellow-ware baking-dish, or in the porcelain one of a silver-plated-dish. Sprinkle sugar over the tapioca; then on this put a quart of berries, sugar and the rest of the tapioea. Fill the dish with water, which should cover the tapioca about a quarter of an inch. Bake in a moderately hot oven until it looks clear. Eat cold, with cream or custard. If not sweet enough, add sugar at table, and in baking, if it seems to dry, more water is needed. A similar dish may be made using peaches, pears and sliced, instead of strawberries. Pineapples, pears and grapes, are also excellent with tapioca.

**STRAWBERRY SHOETCAKE.**—This makes a very nice addition to the table, or can be used as a dessert. Take one quart of sifted flour, stir very thoroughly into it half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; then on a teaspoonful of cream of tartar must be well mixed into it, a tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, about a coffee-cupful of water. It is best mixed with a knife, and not with a spoon. If possible do not put your hands into it, except in rolling it out. The mass should be as moist as you can well manage. Roll it smoothly out, making two round sheets of about half an inch in thickness. Bake in a quick oven. When done, split the cake open; put the slices in a large dish; butter them; cover each slice with berries and sugar; finally making the berries the top layer. Pour cream over all.

**Pastures Green.**  
The practice is fast gaining ground all over the country of seeding ground for permanent pastures a variety of grasses instead of merely sowing one or two favorite sorts only. Grasses are selected which possess the property of springing up rapidly after having been bitten down and resisting the trampling of cattle. The selection is also made with a view to a succession of ripening crops rather than of varieties which blossom together, as in fields to be mown, that the stock may be supplied throughout the year with nutritious and palatable and succulent. This arrangement is quite practicable, inasmuch as there is no month of spring or summer in which some of the grasses do not attain perfection. The amount of March, excepted. Again, care is observed that the varieties are suitable to the land for which they are designed.

As in meadows, so in pastures, clover should be a constituent. It will, it is true, disappear in two or three years, leaving other grasses in possession of the ground, but not until it has accomplished incalculable benefit. Blue grass, especially on light dry soils, is highly recommended for pastures; meadow foxtail, early and rapid in growth, is otherwise desirable. Orchard grass is one of the most valuable of all grasses, coming earlier in spring and remaining longer in autumn than any other. Red-top grass is an excellent permanent grass, as is crested dog's tail. The grasses recommended for lawns add further desirable varieties for pastures.

A mixture for permanent pasture advised by Flint as certain to repay in the additional yield for the greater original outlay for the seeds, consists of yellow oat grass, one pound; meadow foxtail, hard fescue, tall fescue, meadow fescue, red top, June grass, wood meadow grass and rough-stalked meadow grass, two pounds each; timothy, three pounds; white clover, five pounds; Italian ryegrass, six, and perennial ryegrass, eight pounds. Commissioner Killebrew, in his book on "The Grasses of Tennessee," furnishes the following list of long-trid pastures grasses as well as never-permenced farmers: Kentucky blue grass, wire grass, spear grass, rough-stalked meadow, orchard grass, meadow fescue, meadow foxtail, sweet-scented, vernal grass, hard fescue, tall fescue, meadow fescue, red top, June grass, wood meadow grass and rough-stalked meadow grass, two pounds each; timothy, three pounds; white clover, five pounds; Italian ryegrass, six, and perennial ryegrass, eight pounds. Commissioner Killebrew, in his book on "The Grasses of Tennessee," furnishes the following list of long-trid pastures grasses as well as never-permenced farmers: Kentucky blue grass, wire grass, spear grass, rough-stalked meadow, orchard grass, meadow fescue, meadow foxtail, sweet-scented, vernal grass, hard fescue, tall fescue, meadow fescue, red top, June grass, wood meadow grass and rough-stalked meadow grass, two pounds each; timothy, three pounds; white clover, five pounds; Italian ryegrass, six, and perennial ryegrass, eight pounds.

**Rose Culture.**  
One of the first secrets of success with the rose in guarding against its several persistent insect enemies, such as the rose-borer, green, rose-chewing saw fly, to keep the plant healthy and in vigorous growth. To insure this, a rich soil is indispensable. Let it be composed of old decomposed soils or thoroughly rotted manure. The earth should never be permitted to bake, but should be kept friable by frequent stirring. The aphid, or green-fly, first attacks the young, tender shoots, feeding upon their juices. The pests may be killed by placing a barrel over the infested plant, and burning tobacco in a flower-pot or other vessel underneath. The rose-slug, that feeds upon the surface of the leaves, leaving only the veins and ribs, may be kept in check, if not destroyed, by dusting the plant with fine coal ashes. The rose-bugs may be brushed off into a pail of water, or picked off separately by hand and destroyed. As much as has been written about the culture of the rose and about the insect enemies and their destruction, the above, in our experience, embodies the whole story.

**Chelidoniums.**  
Chelidoniums is the swallow song, an old popular song of the return of the swallows, which the boys of Rhode went about singing, of which the refrain was, "He has come, has come the swallow!" It is reported by Athenus about A. D. 200.]

Hark! Hark to hear  
The burst of cheer  
That belongs again the budding year!  
Through air, through earth,  
Resounds the mirth,  
And hills ring with the merry birth;  
The swallow chirps his twittering tone,  
And the Rhodian lads prolong  
With minstrel strain their loud song—  
Heil! heil, heil, chelidion.

Adown the vales,  
The dingles, dales,  
The breath of melody exhales;  
And happy lanes and proud-pied plains  
Swell out the pomp of glad refrain;  
And hark! to hear the swallows' tone—  
Heil! heil, heil, chelidion.

Glad chelidion  
Chants out his cheer,  
His paean piping the year;  
His paean piping the year;  
And chelidion's voice  
Makes mirth its choice,  
And all the happy hills rejoice,  
Hark! Listen to the swallows' tone—  
Heil! heil, heil, chelidion.

The earth's great heart,  
With throbs and heave,  
In universal joy takes part;  
And chelidion's voice  
Conches in fleecy clusters lie;  
And oh! how sweet the swallows' tune—  
Heil! heil, heil, chelidion.

The spring, the spring  
Makes Nature sing,  
And life and love are on the wing,  
And lads and lasses caroling;  
Soft in mid-air the swallows' tone—  
On earth—  
Heil! heil, heil, chelidion.

—Harper's Magazine.

**Slipper-Throwing.**  
The ancient custom of throwing an old slipper after the bride as she leaves her home is still in many places believed to bring luck to the happy couple. But it may be a question whether the old shoe was thrown for luck only. It is stated in Holy Writ that "the receiving of a shoe was an evidence and symbol of the rejection or resigning of." The latter is evidence in Deuteronomy, twenty-fifth chapter, where the ceremony of a widow rejecting her husband's brother in marriage is by losing his shoe from off his foot. And in Ruth we are told that "it was the custom in Israel concerning changing that a man plucked off his shoe and delivered it to his neighbor." Hence the throwing of a shoe after a bride was a symbol of renunciation of dominion and authority over her by her father or guardian, and the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom, even if accidental, was an omen that the authority was transferred to him.

**Items of Interest.**  
Prime butter—A billy goat.  
The combing man—The hairdresser.  
It is better to give than to receive—a bill.  
It is the duty of gate posts to stand by each other.  
The train of night is stopped by the break of day.  
A rule of arnica comes in with the base ball service.  
Gauze derives its name from Gaza, where it was made.  
In a circus procession the man in the van may be in the rear.  
Thirty-six different kinds of fish are caught at Mahoning, Iowa.  
There is talk in England of a company for insurance against blindness.  
The way to make potatoes come up is to take them by the tops and pull them up.  
Ruling passions are strong in death.  
The last movement a mule makes is a kick.  
The Legislature of Delaware divorced thirty-four married couples at its recent session.  
"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," responded the latter.  
Mistake tonight—The involuntary how a young man makes when obliged to miz in advance of the toe of his angry parent's boot.  
The New York *Herald* says: "Since the wealthy young lady fell in love with and married the driver of a Sixth avenue car, all the drivers of carriages are urged to work in the morning with a clean shave and with shining boots."  
Men are capable of taking a peculiar kind of revenge against the women who are weak enough to believe them perfect. For a few months before they perfect, sue for the lady's hand, but for all the years after marriage she is compelled to sew for them.  
The people of Petrolia, Pa., recently witnessed the unusual spectacle of seeing an oil train shoot through the town with the desert that the Humboldt direction were hidden from view. No doubt any one who might have happened to be out on those deserts would have found the entertainment but little inferior to that afforded by the sand storms of the great desert of Sahara.

**Chelidoniums.**  
Chelidoniums is the swallow song, an old popular song of the return of the swallows, which the boys of Rhode went about singing, of which the refrain was, "He has come, has come the swallow!" It is reported by Athenus about A. D. 200.]

Hark! Hark to hear  
The burst of cheer  
That belongs again the budding year!  
Through air, through earth,  
Resounds the mirth,  
And hills ring with the merry birth;  
The swallow chirps his twittering tone,  
And the Rhodian lads prolong  
With minstrel strain their loud song—  
Heil! heil, heil, chelidion.

Adown the vales,  
The dingles, dales,  
The breath of melody exhales;  
And happy lanes and proud-pied plains  
Swell out the pomp of glad refrain;  
And hark! to hear the swallows' tone—  
Heil! heil, heil, chelidion.

Glad chelidion  
Chants out his cheer,  
His paean piping the year;  
His paean piping the year;  
And chelidion's voice  
Makes mirth its choice,  
And all the happy hills rejoice,  
Hark! Listen to the swallows' tone—  
Heil! heil, heil, chelidion.

The earth's great heart,  
With throbs and heave,  
In universal joy takes part;  
And chelidion's voice  
Conches in fleecy clusters lie;  
And oh! how sweet the swallows' tune—  
Heil! heil, heil, chelidion.

The spring, the spring  
Makes Nature sing,  
And life and love are on the wing,